ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1873.

Not Counting the Cost.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

Standing on the marble porch of an elegant mansion on —— Avenue were a youth and maiden. He was about bidding good-bye, seemingly. Her hand was clasped in his, and retained a moment longer than she thought was necessary. Drawing it away, she said:

"There, Julian, I cannot stop here longer. I've only half an hour to dress for dinner; and your time must be precious too. Uncle will expect you back before he leaves his counting-room."

"A moment more, Fay. Tell me; will you give me that picture of yours

I've begged for so often? Do, do, Fay! If you only knew how I would prize it, I think you would."

He looked so handsome and pleaded so earnestly, it was wonderful how Fay Mandeville could refuse him. But she was a very thoughtful and wise little girl for her years, only just sixteen.

"Nay, Julian, I cannot. You know uncle would not approve of that. You have heard him express his opinion about a young lady's 'promiscuously distributing her face around,' as he says."

"Promiscuously! Thank you, Miss Mandeville. I had flattered myself with a hope I was—"

A coming step arrested his words. Immediately after a young man ascended the steps, and stood beside them.

What a contrast between the two youths! The one fashionable, elegantly dressed, conceited, and supercilious in manner certainly, just at that moment, when he gazed on the "very poorly clad and humble looking individual," as he considered him.

But when the hat was raised from the broad, noble brow, and the youth addressed Miss Mandeville, Julian La Forge had reason to change his idea, and he muttered to himself:

"That pauper has the air of a prince!"

Perhaps there was just visible an increase of color in the young man's face, as he asked:

"Where shall I deposit my bundle, Miss Mandeville?"

"If you will not walk in and see mamma, I will take it," Fay answered, putting forth her hands to receive the parcel.

"Thank you. No; I will place it on the hall table, Miss Mandeville," the youth replied; and in a gentle, dignified manner, stepped into the hall, deposited his bundle, returning gracefully raised his hat entirely from his head, and was gone.

"Humph! And who may that pauper of princely mien be?" asked Julian.

"For shame, Julian! Although you do not intend it, you are doing William Manly something like justice by your words. He *is* a noble youth."

"I suppose he is not one of your promiscuous acquaintances, but a—"

"There! Good-afternoon, Julian. I have neither the time nor mood for a war of words."

And turning away, Fay went in, and her lover off, vowing vengeance against William Manly—for what he could not just tell, except that Fay had received him kindly.

Julian La Forge loved pretty Fay as well as he could love anybody, and she rather liked him; at any rate, she liked no one better.

He was declared "perfectly charming" by all the girls of Fay's acquaintance, and somehow she had begun to think she ought to try to love a little, one who loved her so well. Julian was a very intelligent and smart youth, and, young though he was, held the position of book-keeper in the large establishment of Fairwell & Co.

Julian had managed, for a time, to gain wonderfully in old Mr. Fairwell's—Fay's uncle—opinion; but lately some traits in his character manifesting themselves, caused the old gentleman to watch Julian more closely, and with a suspicious eye. So, when the growing intimacy between him and Fay came to his knowledge, he determined to end it—if possible, without doing any injustice to the young man. He could not discharge him without a good cause. Then came the idea of sending Fay away to school. But when, in conference with her mother on the subject, the wise parent said:

"It will make matters worse. Away from our influence, with the idea of harsh treatment in her mind, *he* could have a better chance of winning her. We could not prevent his writing to her. Let her be, and trust to her good sense for the result."

So it was determined. And a very short time after proved it a wise decision.

The next evening, when they met again, Fay made no allusion to Julian's ill-temper the afternoon previous. But he did not wish to drop the subject, and when they were alone he asked:

"Now, Fay, will you tell me why you thought it necessary to treat that porter fellow with so much courtesy, and where you had the honor of forming his acquaintance?"

"Although not acknowledging your right to question me, I will answer. My manner to William Manly is the result of his own worthiness. He is not a porter, although that position would not change my respect. I should honor him in his endeavors to win a support for his mother and himself.

"I met him at his own home. His mother is mamma's dressmaker, and we think her rich in the possession of so good a son," Fay said, looking into her companion's face with an expression which said as plain as words, "Would there were more like him."

"Ah, indeed. I wonder, possessing

such an exalted opinion of him, you do not seek to solicit for him your uncle's favor. Perhaps we might find a place for him. I think we need another runner boy," Julian said, a sneering expression disfiguring his face.

"Thank you. I believe mamma has spoken, or intends speaking to uncle on the subject. But young Manly *may* possibly fill another and more responsible position. Excuse me; I will go into the music room. I think it will be more agreeable than here," Fay said, moving off.

Julian ground his teeth and vowed to "fix that presuming fool," as he called William Manly. The remainder of the evening he spent flirting desperately with an "old flame," and grew every hour more wrathy when he saw how little Fay cared, and how happy she seemed with the party around the piano.

Fay Mandeville's eyes were opened that night, both with regard to Julian's unworthiness and her own feelings. She knew her heart was very slightly affected, and resolved to let Julian know it without further delay.

Returning home, Julian apologized for his ill-humor and rudeness, saying:

"Forgive me, Fay; but I feel anything but pleasantly toward that young fellow, for you remember he interrupted me at a very important moment. I was begging for your picture."

"Certainly, Julian, I forgive you."

"And for my desertion this evening?

Miss Tracy is a very old friend whom I have not seen for a long time. She had so much to say of old times."

"Oh, that is nothing for me to forgive. Eleanore Tracy is a lovely girl, and I hope you may be so fortunate as to win something more than a friendly regard from her. You have my best wishes for your happiness—"

"Fay, what do you mean?" Julian exclaimed, interrupting her.

"That I shall always be glad to return your friendship, Julian."

"And nothing more."

"Nothing more, Julian."

They had reached her home. He would have said more, much more, which he hoped would change her mood, but the door opened, and her uncle stood before them.

"Good-night!" without even her hand extended. And she was gone from his sight!

Julian related the whole affair to a friend the next day, and likewise his plan to "fix the fellow."

"Better not attempt it, Jule. It is a dangerous game. If you should be caught, it would cost you dearly," said the young man.

"I will do it! It is impossible being discovered," answered Julian.

"Very well. I'll have nothing to do with it," returned his friend.

The next day a sweet, gentle little woman sat sewing beside the window, watching and waiting for her son's coming. Smiling, she said:

"Oh, I wish he would come. How surprised and delighted he will be! My dear, good boy! I had scarcely dared hope for such speedy good luck, although Mrs. Mandeville promised to speak for him. Ah, here he comes!"

Another moment, and Mrs. Manly's arms were around her son. And she pushed into his hand the letter which had given her so much joy. Quickly opening it, William read:

"My Young Friend: If you will present yourself as soon as convenient after the receipt of this, to Mr. Fairwell, he will find some position for you in his establishment.

"Very truly, F. Mandeville."

"Oh, how kind! And are we not two of the happiest people living to night, little mother? Really I feel like shouting with joy!" the good son said, as he caught his mother within his arms, and danced her round the room. And when almost out of breath he placed her in her chair, sank on a stool at her feet, and said:

"No more working those dear little fingers almost off, nor blinding your eyes with sewing until midnight. No, indeed. I intend your eyes shall grow bright again. O mother, I feel as if I was too happy for it too last. But now we must work a little, brushing and darning my coat. Faithful old companion, I will put you on the retired list before long."

And so the happy youth worked and talked until his mother sent him, with kisses and blessings, to bed.

The next morning William Manly presented himself at Fairwell & Co.'s. The old gentleman had not reached the store. William felt somewhat embarrassed while waiting his coming, as no civility was tendered him by any one about.

At length—an age to him—Mr. Fairwell came. William approached him, saying:

"I am William Manly. sir."

The old gentleman was rather brusque always, and that morning he was decidedly cross. Some young scamp had played him an April trick, and he was not feeling any the better for it. So in reply he said to poor William:

"Well, sir, what is that to me?"

A half-suppressed titter was heard,

and William hastened to say:

"I am here, sir, to thank you for your kindness, and in answer to the message for me to present myself to you."

"What in thunder are you talking about? I don't know anything about it."

Mortified and dreadfully disappointed, William asked:

"Did you not send for me, sir?"

"No, sir," snapped the old man.

"Then there is some mistake. Excuse me, sir," William said, and withdrew.

How he reached home he scarcely knew, and with his head pillowed on his mother's shoulder, he told of his reception.

"Why did you not show him the note?" she asked.

"Because I knew not from which it came, Miss or Mrs. Mandeville. It was only signed by the initial F for the first name. I thought possibly the young lady might, thinking to win from her uncle a favorable reception of me, have anticipated it by sending the note, and something afterward had driven it from her mind," William answered.

When Mr. Fairwell returned to dinner that day he told of the strange action of young Manly, and inquired if his sister, Mrs. Mandeville, understood what it meant. She did not. But a very grave look came over Fay's bright face, and she said:

"Uncle, I believe I have a clue to it. But until I am better assured, I would rather not tell my thoughts. When you come home to tea I shall know more"

Fay told her mother something about it. and an hour after they were on their way to Mrs. Manly's. Without hesitation they explained the object of their visit immediately on their arrival. The poor little woman, with traces of tears still on her face, handed them the letter which had brought so much joy, and resulted in such deep mortification.

Fay nodded her head as she read. Turning to Mrs. Manly, and placing her finger on the paper, she remarked:

"You see the date, April 1st. It is as I thought. Do not feel so badly, Mrs. Manly. I trust this will end to our perfect satisfaction. This I beg leave to retain."

That evening Fay placed the forged letter in her uncle's hand. After looking at it very intently for a few moments, he drew from his pocket book a little slip of paper, which placing near, he compared with it. and said:

"Just so. I believe we are both on the same track, Fay, and the right one too. Now tell me what you think."

Fay did as he desired, and after hearing her, he replied:

"Yes; it is just so. This slip of paper I found between the leaves of the ledger. You see, on it is written the same words as the first line of this note. Well, I must make some atonement to the young man for my ill-humor this morning."

And sitting down, the old gentleman wrote to William Manly, offering him a position in his establishment, and inclosing a check for a month's pay in advance. This was immediately sent to the young man.

The next morning Mr. Fairwell, in the presence of those clerks who had witnessed William Manly's discomfiture the day before, said:

"As I am somewhat responsible for what is done here, I feel it my duty, as well as pleasure, to make good a promise written by one of the gentlemen here to Mr. Manly. As Mr. La Forge is contemplating just now resigning his position, I think, it will from this day be filled by Mr. Manly, as I know none other for which he is so well suited."

Scarcely had he ceased speaking when young Manly, plainly but well dressed, entered.

And soon after Julian La Forge managed to get away, without any one knowing just when. Few, if any, regrets followed him; all felt he well merited the severe lesson he had received.

Two years have passed since then. Daily William Manly is gaining in favor with his employer. Julian sees him not only occupying *his* position in the establishment of Fairwell & Co., but hears rumors of his winning another position to which he has aspired. Yes, everywhere he hears that it is likely, before many months more, that William Manly will be connected by a nearer and dearer tie, to Mr. Fairwell. He believes this, for he met Fay a few days ago leaning on his arm, looking into William's face as she never had into *his*; and he cursed the day that he played that April trick.